

J.
Short Dull

REMARKS,

UPON THE

Long Dull

ESSAY

UPON

POETRY.

L O N D O N:

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Short Data

REMARKS.

44 MON.

Y A S S E

NOTES

POPOTRY

... and

(3)

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Pardon me Sacred God of Harmony,
That my officious Pen dare strike at Thee;
Tho' Satyrs in this Age so much abound,
Few stoop to ask a Pardon where they wound.

In the Worlds dawn, when Man by Nature taught,
Repented Wrongs, they boldly told, and fought ;

So *Cain* no Libel on his Brother threw,
 But spar'd the tender Fame of him he slew.
 Scorn and malicious laughter had no name,
 Some kindly pardon'd, bravely some o'rcame.
 But when the Earth, beneath the Waters shrunk,
 Thou wanton God wert with the Deluge drunk;
 And then it was vile Laughter did'st Inspire
 In Satyrists, who still profane thy Fire.
 In that same Age Curs'd *Ham* began to Mock,
 (That shameful off-spring of so Rich a stock)
 And since, most sing, to prove they're angry grown
 The just Reverse of what should make it known.
 " And of this kind of Writing, none there are
 " Which can ith' least with the *Essay* compare.
 That *Persian* Muse which lately grac'd the Times,
 And taught the Sun's Eternity in Rhimes,
 Who having told us, " It was too Profane
 " To grace the Vulgar with a Sacred Name,
 " Says, Number, Rhime, and that harmonious sound
 " Which never does the Ear with harshness wound,
 " Are

" Are ~~Vulgar~~ Arts; And if he prove it so,
 To that Poetick Vulgar, I must Bow,
 For it is more than ever *He* could do.

" No kind of work boasts of a Nicer touch;
 None Creeps so Feebly, and yet Grasps so much.

(" To teach Mankind how 'tis they should Excel

" In the chief Master-piece of Writing Well.)

Almighty *He* ! who only has the Skill

Of Writing well, but often wants the Will;

For when he had describ'd that Glowing Heat,

That something of Divine, and more than Wit,

" He told us, That to him it oft Return'd,

(" Though he at Idle Hours its Absence Mourn'd,)

" With Pow'rful Charms to hurry him away. (Day.

" From Pleasures of the Night, and Bus'ness of the

But much I fear that Fury in his Brain,

To others, seems the Feather of the Pen:

" VVhich yet he proves of VVit a Mighty Part,

" Telling us how that Feather wins the Heart.

I would

I would return; Those Lines to him are meant,
 Where 'gainst the Court he vents his Discontent;
 Saying, "*Whitehall* has nothing now to fear,
 " 'Tis Wit and Sense that is the Subject here.
 (But when he did these mighty things unfold,
 Where did the Satyr differ from the Scold?)
 But 'twere a Crime to say he could not reach
 At those great Mysteries he aims to teach :
 Tho' when he would the Secret plainly show
 He says; " To him alone the Lawrel's due,
 " Who can all Sciences exactly know,
 " Whose Phancy Flies beyond weak Reason's sight,
 " And yet has Judgment to direct us right ;
 " Whose nice distinction (*Virgil* like) is such;
 " Never to say too little, nor too much.
 " Let such a Man begin without delay,
 By this time we are convinc'd, this is the way,
 " But he must do much more than I can say.
 In this last Line of his, we plainly find
 The gentle Author does not know his Mind ;

Whose

Whole single Judgment bravely doth Condemn.
 Authors, whom all approve, and all Esteem;
 Prodigious Confidence! to Stern alone
 With that Victorious Pen, *Apollo's* Throne,
 And from his side cast the great fav'rites down.
 But some he stoops to praise: amongst the rest,
Virgil's the happy Man, who pleases best:
 Therefore his Praise of that Gigantick Soul
 Strides o're all Bounds as much without Controul
 As th' Authors Similes, which strangely hit,
 And by a Changeling proves great *Virgil's* Wit.
 So have I known bright day describe a Crime,
 And vast Eternity Explain'd by Time.

Great *Johnson*! Greater now since he will Deigne:
 T' allow thy head to grace an humble Sign;
 Methinks I hear that lifeless sign Inspir'd
 With thy Poetick Soul, Methinks 'tis fir'd

In thine own words, and with a scornful Smile,
 Methinks it Cries, "I would not bear the Toil
 "To think so long together, and so Vile."

"But that these Base and Beggarly Conceits
 "Should carry'r by the Multitude of Voices,
 "Oh! this would make a Learn'd and Liberal Soul
 "To Rive his stained Quill up to the Back,
 "And Damn his long watch'd Labours to the Fire."

As th' Authors smiles, which strangely
 And by a Changing proves great Wits Wit.
 So have I known bright day describe a Crime,
 And vast Eternity Explained by Time.

Great Jobson! Greater now since he will Deign
 To allow thy head to grace an humble Sign;
 Methinks I hear that livelier sign Inscrib'd
 With thy Poeticke Song, Jobson's is fir'd.

